

No 2

THE
LOVELY MORALIST:

AN EPISTLE

FROM A LATE

UNFORTUNATE YOUNG LADY,

MOVED
TO

HER LOVER

The M—r—s of C—r—n,

A FEW HOURS BEFORE HER DEATH,

AFTER THE NEWS OF A LATE DOMESTICK ACCIDENT.

WITH NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

FALLERE CREDENTEM NON EST OPEROSA PUELLAM

GLORIA; SIMPLICITAS DIGNA FAVORE FUIT;

SUM DECEPTA TUIS, ET AMANS, ET FEMINA VERBIS

DI FACIANT, LAUDIS SUMMA SIT ISTA TUE.

OVID. EPIST. 2. l. 66.

L O M D O N:

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Lately Published,

THE
FEMALE PATRIOT:

AN
EPISTLE

FROM

C—t—e M—c—y

TO

The Reverend Dr. W—l—n,

ON HER LATE MARRIAGE.

WITH CRITICAL HISTORICAL AND PHILOSOPHICAL NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

HUIC UNI FORSAN POTUI SUCCUMBERE CULPÆ. VIRG. ÆN. 4. l. 19.

PRINTED FOR J. BEW, IN PATER-NOSTER-ROW.

THE
LOVELY MORALIST.

While Life yet trembling on the quiv'ring beam,
Still grasps the curtain of its fairy dream,
Nor drops the vision of departing day,
Wafted on sighs be this my mournful lay.
Lo! the last tribute of a dying Maid, *
By thee devoted to Death's earlier shade,

B

The

* The Anecdote, on which this Epistle is built, is borrowed from the pathetic and interesting event, mentioned in the following words of the Morning Post for the first of February last: "The unhappy Marquis, who has so recently experienced the severest of all sublunary misfortunes, conjugal infidelity, had the farther grief the other day, after his
Wife's

The sad Melpomene with tearful eye
Now darts in tragick vein her heartfelt sigh.

Soft

Wife's elopement, to receive the melancholy news of the death of a lady, to whom he had been betrothed, before family interposition compelled him to the inauspicious match he afterwards made. This unfortunate lady died in obscurity, absolutely of a broken heart, as a martyr to her inseparable attachment. A very affecting circumstance in this event is, that this true lover bequeathed a ring to her faithless Inamorato, pathetically expressing the sad occasion of her death."

As far as the imperfect inquiries of the Author have enabled him more fully to investigate the story, he has reason to believe, that it rests on the basis of Truth: Impressed therefore with this belief, he feels himself justified to submit this Epistle to the Publick eye: If it has any merit, it consists in a certain dramattick colouring, which derives its tincture from Nature and Passion; to the admirers therefore of them he addresses it; who, he flatters himself, will allow, that one of the noblest tasks, which an honest citizen in an abandoned age can undertake, is the humble endeavour to produce moral effects to his country by his laudable efforts in the cause of Virtue: If this can be done by embracing the anecdotes of living History, more calculated to awaken the curiosity of indolent Readers, than the exploded fables of ancient mythology, or the modern romances of creating fancy, who shall presume to contest this undoubted prerogative of the *musarum sacerdos*, the consecrated priest of the Muses? Poetry is never so well exerted, as in the cause of Religion, whose noblest operation consists in the regulation of civil life according to the divine mandates. Characters therefore, which move in an exalted sphere, either from birth, fame, or merit, are devoted objects of public animadversion, whenever

Soft is the voice of elegiack woe,
When plaintive melody bids numbers flow; 10

Yet
whenever they furnish brilliant materials, employed for moral purposes, to that sublime preacher Genius. When the Author of this Epistle last addressed the public, he sacrificed to Thalia, the Female Patriot; there was an ample field for the airy weapon of Comedy, and the publick are to judge of the merit of the performance. But here is a scene of a far different nature; here must Melpomene, the tragick Muse, display her power, for pathos, and not laughter, is attempted to be produced. The outline of the melancholy story with the fatal train of events immediately suggests to the poetical imagination a rich canvas for a fine picture, if touched by a delicate artist; the defect will lie in the execution, and not in the subject. The Author assures his Reader in the most solemn manner, that it is his cordial prayer, that this Epistle may never arrive at the knowledge of the amiable, but unfortunate, nobleman addressed, or of his aged father, whom report proclaims to have been the original cause of the domestic misfortune of his family: There is not the least implied malice in it; and he would shudder at the horrid imputation of a wanton attack on a disappointed husband, or a mistaken parent: they are sufficiently punished by the event; for as Shakespear very finely observes,

The private wound is deepest.

Two Gent. of Ver. Act 5. sc. 3.

With a heart formed to sensibility, the Author venerates the many virtues of these noblemen, and pities this perhaps their only error. But the publick have a superior right to the humble exertion of his talents, however lowly, yet honest. In this, as in every other case, the individual must be absorbed in the community, and private respect ought to be sacrificed to the altar of Humanity. The only question, which fairly can be demanded,

Yet keener is the pang, than sharpest steel,
 When fell remembrance makes the lover feel.
 Oh! what a torture must these lines impart,
 What dire convulsions will arrest thy heart!
 What agonizing pangs await my strain, 15
 What thrilling sense will pierce each throbbing vein!
 For me sweet Pity sheds her balmy wing,
 And hov'ring Mercy will my requiem sing:
 Celestial Peace, arrayed like softest dove,
 Invites my steps to yonder blue alcove. 20
 I come, I come—yet still one moment stay,
 Seraphick spirits, till I close my lay:
 This farewell lay from a forsaken Maid
 To her lost lover, now repentant made,

Each

manded, Is the tale true? If that be answered in the affirmative, the Poet has a right to be acquitted immediately at the bar of the publick: For how can example ever operate with success, if it be borrowed from the dark cloister of obscurity, and not from the great theatre of civil life? if it be confined to the narrow circle of a chimney corner, and not brandished in the eyes of a great Metropolis? As far as my little powers may extend, it shall be my object to display it, nor will I ever suffer that artificial humanity called Politeness, to destroy the great original one, which I owe, as an independent member, to society.

Each Virgin in the rosy bud of youth 25
 Shall with a social tear imbibe its truth ;
 Each orient stripling drest in Hebe's charms,
 When am'rous sympathy his breast alarms,
 Shall feel a chaster glow, and nobly true,
 Point to the " Lovely Moralist " in view. 30
 Alas ! thou know'st, C—m—n, how sincere
 My open, gen'rous, unsuspecting ear—
 Caught the smooth accent of thy glozing tongue,
 When on thy lips divine Persuasion hung.
 As Fancy whisper'd, and as Love obey'd, 35
 Thy musick charm'd the fond deluded Maid ;
 While she poor captive to thy Syren tale,
 Bade her untutor'd heart thy raptures hail.
 With ev'ry instrument of magick lore,
 Each charm of Fancy, and each Muse's store, 40
 Thy wild delusion sported with my heart,
 Which knew no fear, because it fear'd no art.
 What tho' thy Ancestry's ennobled line,
 Can boast an O—f—ne, and with D—n—y shine ; *

C

Yet

* The famous Earl of D—n—y, Lord Treasurer in the reign of Charles the Second.

Yet Love, imperious Love, disdains these toys, 45
 And knows no title, which his own destroys ;
 From a sublimer Herald stamps his arms,
 And claims prerogative from Nature's charms.
 Such was my patent, when I gazed on thee,
 And bade thy passion emulate with me ; 50
 In that fair challenge and exalted strife,
 I claim'd C—m—n as his destin'd Wife.
 Tho' I by fortune own a title less,
 Dar'st thou an heart superior to confess ?
 No—Truth forbids, and Virtue's awful voice 55
 Points to my breast, when she proclaims her choice :
 There their unerring vot'ry let them see,
 Who sigh'd, ungrateful Man, in vain for thee :
 For D' A—y's heirefs, sprung from Norman Line, *
 Which more than fifty quarters adds to thine, 60
 Dar'd

* This noble family is descended from Norman de A—y, who attended William the Conqueror into England. It appears from Edmondson's Peerage, that there are fifty nine quarterings in their arms, vol.

Dar'd to contest with me my lawful prize,
 And wrest my M—r—s from my longing eyes.
 Ambition smil'd in her delusive train,
 And Fortune gambol'd on her spacious plain :
 Love was the only dowry I could bring, 65
 Yet Love's a dowry for the proudest King : †
 For mines of Mexico, or thine, Peru,
 Some wand'ring Pilgrim may exhausted view ;
 But that blest spirit, to whom Gods impart
 The precious casket of his Partner's heart, 70
 May boast a jewel of the brightest glow,
 Dipp'd in the pearly sea of Iris' bow ;

This

vol. 2. p. 159. I have used the word quarter for a term in heraldy, signifying an appendage to hereditary arms, on the authority of Shakespeare in the first scene of the Merry Wives of Windsor.

If he has a quarter of your coat.

This is mentioned, because this sense of the substantive quarter is omitted in Dr. Johnson's Dictionary.

† Nobilitas sub amore jacet.

Epist. 2. l. 161.

Nobility, says Ovid with his usual elegance, is subdued by Love; and in another place, very apposite to the present occasion,

Sunt et opes nobis ; sunt et sine crimine mores ;

Amplius utque nihil, me tibi jungit amor.

Epist. 20. l. 226.

This with unfading lustre shall remain,
 Tho' Death, dark Death! attempt to throw his stain:
 In vain his momentary shades prevail; 75
 This to the starry element shall fail,
 And there outvie the fabled Gnosian crown,*
 Or the fam'd locks, which Berenice own.

Ah!

* The Gnosian crown, in the Heathen Mythology, was the diadem of Ariadne, Daughter of Minos King of Crete, to which Island the city of Gnosus belonged. This was translated by her lover Bacchus into a constellation; Apollonius Rhodius, calls it (l. 3. l. 1002) *Αδριακὴ Στέφανος*, the starry crown; and Virgil

Gnosiaque ardentis decedat stella coronæ.

Georg. 1. l. 222.

The various fables relating to it, may be seen in the Poeticon astronomicon of Hyginus, l. 2. c. 5.

The locks of Berenice were also poetically metamorphosed into another set of stars: She was the affectionate wife of one of the Ptolemies, King of Ægypt; chagrined for the absence of her youthful spouse, engaged in a war in Asia, she vowed that on his safe return she would dedicate to Venus her favourite locks; the vow was religiously performed, but the offering vanished on the next day from the temple of the Goddess: To solve the accident Conon an ingenious Courtier, and an eminent astronomer asserted, that he saw them transplanted into Heaven, which they adorned with a new constellation of seven stars. Hyg. Poet. Astro. l. 2. c. 24. Callimachus, a Græcian poet, wrote a beautiful poem on this subject, of which a few lines are extant preserved by the Scholiasts of Aratus and Apollonius Rhodius; but these are sufficient to prove that Catullus closely imitated him in his carmen (65),

Idem

Ah ! envied lot that once I dream'd was mine !
 O foolish Maid to think C—m—n thine ! 80
 Ere since the proud usurper first began,
 Each ecchoing age has cried, " ungrateful Man ;"
 Millions of Nymphs in Time's recorded roll,
 Have sigh'd his base ingratitude of soul ;
 And many more shall sigh, if right I wean, 85
 Ere Fate expiring drops the final scene.

D

In

Idem me ille Conon cælesti in lumine vidit

E Berenicæo vertice cæsariem

Fulgentemclarè, quem multis illa deorum,

Lævia protendens brachia, pollicita est,

Quâ rex tempestate novo auctus hymenæo

Vastatum fines iverat Assyrios

L. 12.

The same Poet afterwards alludes to both of these poetical stories together in that poem expressly written upon the subject of the latter.

Sidere ibi vario ne solum in lumine cœli

Ex Ariadneis aurea temporibus

Fixa corona foret ; sed nos quoque fulgeremus

Devotæ flavi verticis exuviz.

L. 62.

In the conclusion of the Rape of the Lock, there is an elegant use made of this ingenious device :

A sudden star, it shot thro' liquid air,

And drew behind a radiant trail of hair.

Not Berenice's locks first rose so bright,

The heav'ns bespangling with dishevel'd light.

Canto 5. l 130.

In that sweet season of our blooming joy,
 When Love, and only Love, could hours employ ;
 While Pleasure charm'd each dear auspicious day,
 And chearful Hope illum'd his roseate ray, 90
 Some cursed fiend from Hell's infernal crew
 A Stygian drop of old Avernus drew ;
 Whose baleful influence touch'd the latent part,
 And rankled in thy father's inmost heart.
 Then Avarice with front of furrow'd age, 95
 Cold Interest, foe to nobler passions rage,
 Deep treach'rous Fraud conspir'd to combine,
 And bade C—m—n be no longer mine ;
 Amelia smil'd, the false Amelia smil'd,
 And with her artful semblance thee beguil'd. 100
 Inwoven Falshood dress'd her nuptial bower,
 And Perjury stamp'd her Hymeneal hour :
 The fatal Dæmon to connubial bliss,
 Couch'd in the wanton circle of her kifs :
 Adultery howl'd in that devoted day, 105
 While fell Erinny's yell'd with direful lay.

Alas !

Alas ! what tortures then assail'd my breast,
 When Love, insulted Love, a treach'rous guest
 Lurk'd in my inmost soul ! now mad despair,
 Frantick with Rage tore my dishevell'd hair, 110
 Beat my poor bosom with resounding groans,
 While loud laments re-echoed thus their moans :
 " He's mine, by Nature's charter he is mine,
 " To me C—m—n, haughty Maid, resign ! *
 " What tho' his father promis'd him to thee, 115
 " Both Love and Nature gave him first to me :
 " In vain the Priest has seal'd the human knot ;
 " That vow, which Heaven heard, is ne'er forgot :
 " That

* The following lines of the elegant Ovid from the epistle of Acontius to Cydippe are so apposite to the present occasion, that I shall submit them to the Reader with the small variation only of the gender from the original.

Nam quod habes et tu humani verba altera pacti,

Non erit ideirco par tua causa meæ :

Hic mihi se pepigit ; pater hanc tibi, primus ab illo ;

Sed propior certè, quam pater, ipse sibi est :

Promisit pater hanc : hæc adjuravit amanti :

Ille homines, hæc est testificata Deum.

Epist. 20. l. 160.

" That plighted vow, which Lovers breathe below,
 " Warm from the soul, recording Angels know ; 120
 " The fiery sun-beams of the Seraph's pen
 " immortalize the perjur'd oaths of men.
 " There on eternal adamant engrav'd
 " Read, how the poor Cordelia was betray'd !
 " Ye pitying Gods suspend your dire decree, 125
 " Tho' lost, C—m—n yet is dear to me."
 Thus wildly raving with the storms of Woe
 From my big heart the bursting billows flow.
 In vain sweet Friendship lent her balmy aid,
 And whisper'd comfort to a forlorn Maid ; 130
 In vain Affection wip'd the tear of Grief,
 In vain an aged Parent sigh'd relief :
 Nor ease nor solace can that Virgin feel,
 Who, once betray'd, is rack'd on Torture's wheel ;
 More pangs, excruciating pangs combine 135
 To rend her bosom, than can enter thine ;
 For Man, unfeeling Man, by Nature steel'd
 Can boast of flinty elements a shield ;

That

That harden'd tyrant, arm'd with callous sense,
To soft sensations vainly claims pretence. 140

But Nature's nicest particles combin'd,
And our machine alas ! too much refin'd.

When on our bosoms storms of passion break,
Our tender sex how delicately weak !

In vain we struggle from ourselves to hide. 145

The furious billows of the amorous tide ;

Th' assailing tempest gathers on the shore,

And the fair mariners are now no more :

Thus in the whirlwind of the fatal sea.

Wreck'd was my little bark, bereav'd of thee ; 150

My treach'rous pilot from the helm withdrew,

And to another prouder vessel flew.

There trimm'd in gaiety's fantastick pride,

The false C—m—n chose his noble bride :

Elate with mad'ning joy and wildly gay, 155

The fair usurper led her artful way ;

Now Fashion reign'd in sportive Sion's bower,

And frantick Mirth proclaim'd the revel hour :

E

Now

Now Luxury display'd each varied store,
 While Pride, ennobled Pride, her trophies bore. 160
 Then, O C—r—n, lovely traitor say,
 Did not thy conscious bosom thee betray?
 Did not that awful monitor proclaim,
 In sacred whispers poor Cordelia's name?
 Yes, that internal oracle did plead, 165
 And made thy recreant heart with sorrow bleed;
 Compunction darted her envenom'd sting,
 And dire Remorse bade his alarum ring.
 Mean-while with canker'd grief my blossoms fade,
 And slow Consumption mark'd the dying Maid; 170
 Me their devoted victim Gods betray,
 While Love forsaken grasp'd his fatal prey.
 Now sick'ning Care display'd its deadly hue,
 And pale-Disease its livid weapon threw;
 The rose that wanton'd o'er my damask'd cheek, 175
 That purple bloom of youth, which Lovers seek,
 The melting lustre of my sparkling eye
 Soon feel my faded form, and vanished die.

Vain

Vain the fam'd rind of the Peruvian tree,
 What braces ev'ry nerve, relieves not me; 180
 Each salutary spring distils in vain
 Its healing virtue to assuage my pain;
 For ah! what remedy could ever cure?
 The malady of Love we must endure.
 How oft I figh'd for that Leucadian steep, 185
 Where Horror frown'd o'er the impending deep!
 Where the stern Promontory's nodding brow
 Saw the forsaken nymphs their bodies throw:
 Where love-lorn Sappho leaping from above
 Strove to regain her faithless Phaon's love. 190
 Then sweet Religion check'd this Pagan sigh,
 And bade the Christian Heroine calmly die.
 But hark! the wanton dame with passions fir'd,
 Which her young B-r-n, Paris-like, inspir'd,
 Now spurns each awful law, each sacred tie, 195
 And, like another Helen, dares to fly.
 Ill fated husband! with repentant voice
 Now may'st thou rue thy once mistaken choice!

Thou

Thou hadst been safe with me ; my constant love*
 No Paramour could tempt, nor falsehood move. 200
 Unshaken Constancy had seal'd our kifs,
 Nor Vice e'er blasted Hymeneal blifs.
 Oh! wretched Albion, how art thou betray'd!
 What vultures have thy inmost vitals prey'd!
 On distant shores Rebellion rears her crest, 205
 And here Adultery defiles thy breast:
 When Virtue's vestal flame no longer fires,
 Behold! her sister Liberty expires:
 The iron scourge of Tyranny remains,
 When manners are corrupt, and ripe for chains. 210
 Ye guardian Gods of this once happy isle
 Yet deign with heavenly influence to smile!
 Let Concord heal my country's publick groans,
 And Chastity relieve her private moans.

Let

* Denique tutus amor meus est tibi. Ovid. Epist. 5. l. 89.

Dos mea, tu sospes, dos est mea, Graia juventus;

I nunc Sisyphias, improbe, confer opes.

Ovid. Epist. 12. l. 204.

Let Love and Truth conspire to combine, 215
 Each faithful breast another faithful twine.
 But ere to fate resign'd I wing my way,
 And quit the chearful radiance of the day,
 This parting lock of thy once injur'd fair,
 The sacred remnant of Cordelia's hair, 220
 The farewell legacy of life and woe,
 To thee, C—m—n, shall the Muse bestow:
 Receive this dying gift bequeath'd to thee,
 And, if thou e'er didst love, remember me.

— F I N I S .

119

Let Love and Truth combine to combine
Each faithful heart another faithful twin
But ere to love I'd wing my way
And put the cheerful radiance of the day
This parting look of the once in and fair
The sacred remnants of our life and care
I bestow'd legacy of life and love
To thee, C—n—n, shall the Muse below
Receive this dying gift I give to thee
And if thou art still in remembrance

120